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STORY OF JAMES ANNESLEY.

ARTHUR ANNESLEY, second Viscount Valentia, an Irish peer, was created a peer of England, in 1661, as Baron Annesley and Earl of Anglesey. At his decease in 1686, he left James, his successor in these titles; a second son, created Baron Altham; and a third son, Richard, Dean of Exeter. Baron Altham died in 1699, leaving an infant son, who did not long survive, and the honours of this branch of the family devolved on Dean Richard Annesley and his descendants. Dean Richard, third Lord Altham, died in 1701, leaving two sons, Arthur and Richard. Arthur, the elder son, who of course became fourth Lord Altham, was married to Mary, a natural daughter of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, and died childless in 1727; when his brother Richard took possession of the title and estates, to which was subsequently added the earldom of Anglesey, on the decease of his cousins. As fifth Baron Altham, and sixth Earl of Anglesey, Richard's right of inheritance was not unchallenged. In 1743, James Annesley, a young man, appeared on the scene as a claimant of the Altham and Anglesey peerages and properties. Now begins the romance of the story, which we will try to tell in as simple a way as possible, commencing with the legend usually believed on the subject.

On making his appearance after a long exile from the country, James Annesley gave an account of his adventures, and stated the nature of his claims. He said that it was not true that Arthur, fourth Lord Altham, and his wife Mary died childless, for he was their son, and had been defrauded of his inheritance. Of his mother he had no recollection, because, while he was still an infant, the baroness, on account of maltreatment, had been compelled to leave her husband, and take refuge with her father in England. The baron was a wild spendthrift who had run through his immediately available means, and in his emergency granted certain leases of lands, to which, however, his son, if known to be alive, would have been an obstruction. There thus arose a necessity for getting rid of the boy, and spreading the intelli-

gence of his death. For this purpose, when about nine or ten years of age, he was removed from a public academy, and sent to an obscure school at a distance. Here his school-fees ceased to be paid, his fare was coarse and scanty, his clothes were worn to rags, and he was forced to perform the most menial offices. There was no one to pity him. He retained recollections of his father, and of being brought up in luxury, but he could not tell where his father was, or why he should have been so neglected. Considering that he could not be worse treated than where he was, he ran away, and wandered he knew not whither. Friendless, hungry, and wayworn, he arrived at a town, where, for the first night, he slept in a church porch. Some poor persons having noticed him, he received succour, and was employed to run errands, by which he gained a subsistence. At length, a benevolently disposed woman took him in charge, and ascertaining who he was, wrote to his father, imploring compassion on his son. The letter brought a visit from the boy's uncle, who in a rough manner represented that this unfortunate child was an illegitimate son of his brother, and that the best thing that could be done for him was to send him to be educated at St Omer's in France; and this would be attended to. There was here something like a hope of better days for the poor lad. Uncle Richard, however, had not the remotest intention of sending his nephew to St Omer's, or anywhere else in Europe for his education; but of packing him off to the plantations in America, there, on arrival, to be sold as a slave, and never more heard of. Carried off on the pretence of being sent to St Omer's, James Annesley was kept concealed till he could conveniently embark for his destination; and was in due time—being then about twelve years of age—put on board a vessel for the plantations. The boy only learned when he was at sea what was to be his unhappy fate, and some altercations on the subject took place between him and the captain, but without any prospect of advantage. On being landed in Pennsylvania, he was sold to a planter named Drummond, a hard and inexorable

master, by whom he was subjected to a painful course of outdoor labour. We have not space to follow the narrative of severities to which the youth was said to have been exposed for a series of years at the hands of Drummond and the masters to whom he was successively transferred. At length, after an exile of twelve years, he was so fortunate as to make his escape, and, undergoing various hardships, had the good-fortune to reach the British fleet, commanded by Admiral Vernon, which was lying off Puerto Bello, on the northern shore of the Isthmus of Panama. This was in 1739, when Annesley was about twenty-four years of age. Having told his strange tale, that he was the son and heir of Arthur, fourth Lord Altham, and that he had been cruelly kidnapped and sent into compulsory servitude, Admiral Vernon furnished him with the means of proceeding to England, where he arrived safely, and went to lodge at Staines, in the neighbourhood of Windsor.

Such, in a condensed form, is the legend, monstrously incorrect in various particulars, regarding the earlier part of the life of James Annesley, as was made first generally known in the thirteenth volume of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and latterly given by Sir Bernard Burke in his *Romance of the Aristocracy*, under the title of 'Memoirs of a Young Nobleman.' As the case was one of the most extraordinary on record, we shall endeavour to unravel it, by going to the fountain-head of information—namely, *Howell's State Trials*, in which ponderous work it occupies, in its various phases, at least five hundred pages.

There can be no doubt that, whatever were the vicissitudes to which James Annesley had in his early life been exposed, he landed in England about 1740, and, as stated, went to reside at Staines. What at this time were his means of livelihood are not specified. Probably he followed the occupation of a 'labourer,' for so he is designated in an indictment brought against him for the crime of murder. Pursuing, as we imagine, a rather idle kind of life, he one morning went out with a gun to shoot small birds, and while so employing himself, he was requested by a person named Redding, a gamekeeper, to assist in capturing a net with which a man of the name of Egglestone was illegally fishing. Annesley was so imprudent as to take part in the affair; a scuffle ensued; his gun went off, and Egglestone was mortally wounded. The explosion was certainly accidental, but it was not so treated by the authorities, and at least required to be dealt with according to law. Annesley was placed in confinement, and tried for murder at the Old Bailey. As participator in the act, Redding was tried along with him. The trial took place in June 1742. On the ground that the death was accidental, or a matter of 'chance-medley,' Annesley and Redding were acquitted.*

What strikes one as something remarkable is, that James Annesley, on landing in England, should have loitered away his time at Staines, instead of at once going to Ireland, and prosecuting his claim to the Altham and Anglesey peerages and estates, to which, in default of any direct heir, Richard Annesley had succeeded, on the death of his brother in 1727. Liberated at the conclusion of his trial, and free from any reproach

on his character, James Annesley still abstained from assuming the dignity to which he considered himself entitled. For this neglect he was perhaps excusable, from his defective education and want of intelligent friends. He, however, talked to various acquaintances of his claim, and at length went to Ireland, with a view to do something in the matter. What he did was doubtless by legal advice, but it was of a marvellously oblique character. Instead of raising an action to have his legitimacy declared, he began to grant leases of certain lands and messuages on the Altham estate to a farmer named Campbell Craig, as if his claim to the property was unchallenged. This short way of going to work naturally roused the indignation of the proprietor in possession, Richard Earl of Anglesey, who with force of arms abruptly ejected Craig from the farm on which he had settled.

Now commences the tug of war. Craig, the lessee, raises an action of damages for ejectment against the Earl of Anglesey, in the Court of Exchequer in Ireland. The trial, which was by jury, began November 11, 1743, and with adjournments lasted to the 25th of the same month. There was a great array of lawyers, and upwards of ninety witnesses were examined. In the course of proceedings, the ejectment, or ostensible ground of trial, hardly received any attention. The real question at issue was, whether Lord Altham had a legitimate son. Such being the case, there was a painful ripping-up of family affairs, and we are furnished with a far from pleasant glimpse of the manners which less or more prevailed in Ireland a hundred and sixty years ago.

The evidence given is mostly by domestic servants, and hangers-on of various qualities. There is little coherence in their statements. They so flatly contradict each other as regards matters of fact, that the trial is a maze from beginning to end. One says that 'my lady' was about to have a child, when she was driven distracted by 'my lord' breaking into a passion, and throwing down the cups and saucers, on account of there being certain figures on them which he disliked—the expected child, of course, vanishing, and my lady very ill, notwithstanding the broths and jellies prepared for her. There must, we think, have been some truth in the smashing of the cups and saucers, for other witnesses allude to this domestic uproar. However this may be, my lady was again visibly about to present the family with an heir. Dennis Redmond solemnly deposes that my lady was brought to bed at Dunmaine, and he could not be mistaken, because he was sent for the midwife, whose name was Shiels, and that the child was christened when he was three weeks old by Lord Altham's chaplain, and named James. The nurse of the infant was Joan Landy, who was preferred because she had the best milk. My lord and lady often went to see the child at Landy's cottage. At the end of a year, the child was brought home to Dunmaine, and put in charge of Joan Laffan. Unhappily, in 1717, my lady was forced to go away on account of Mr Thomas Paliser, and the lady had the child in her arms when seated in the chariot, but she had to give it up. That the child had a gold lace on his hat, and was dressed like a nobleman's child. As for Landy's child, it was born some months before my lady was brought to bed, and died at the age of three or

* *Howell's State Trials*, vol. xvii. p. 1094.

four years, of the small-pox. Mary Doyle corroborates Dennis in some of these particulars. She deposes that she lived with Lady Altham three months before she was brought to bed, and was in the room when my lady was delivered at Dunmaine; Mrs Shiels being the midwife.

Other servants of the family give similar evidence, but none, as regards minutiae, is so notable as that given by Joan Laffan. She states that she was a chamber-maid in Lady Altham's service, and was employed to attend my lord and lady's child, who was called Master James Annesley when he came from the wet-nurse, and that he was kept like a nobleman's child. That my lord and lady were very fond of the child; and my lady used to send for him up in a morning, and take him into the bed, and generally called him 'my dear.' Then, she describes certain distressing circumstances connected with my lady and Mr Palliser, which threw my lord into a frightful rage, in which state of frenzy he cut off one of Palliser's ears, and turned off my lady, who forthwith went away; and after living some years in Dublin and elsewhere, she went back to her father.

James Cavanagh, who was acquainted with the late Lord Altham, says he has often seen him with the boy, and that he appeared particularly fond of him. 'One day, my lord, the child, and deponent were walking in my lord's garden at Carrickduff, and deponent taking notice of the young gentleman, said: "My lord, master is grown a fine sprightly boy; I hope your lordship takes good care of his education;" to which my lord said, that he had a tutor in the house to instruct him, and declared to deponent, that if that boy lived, he would one day or other be Earl of Anglesey.' James Dempsey, a schoolmaster, follows up this evidence, by giving a variety of particulars as to having, at Lord Altham's request, taught the boy when he was about seven years old; that he wore a scarlet coat on holidays, like the son of a nobleman. On being requested to look about the court, to try whether he could recognise his old pupil, whom he said to be Lord Altham's son, he pointed to Mr James Annesley. We now turn to what was said in defence.

Here, there is an overturn of nearly all that had been previously stated. Lord and Lady Altham never had a child, nor the least prospect of having one. This is deposed with a singular degree of boldness and decision by Mrs Mary Heath, who had come from England with my lady in 1713, and lived with her as a confidential attendant till her death, never being absent from her for more than a single week during a period of sixteen years. On being asked if my lady had a child at Dunmaine, she says: 'A child! never had, nor never was with child. I never had reason to think she was with child all the while I lived with her.' In answer to other questions, she says: 'She always dressed my lady, put her to bed, and attended her at her rising in the morning; that when the unfortunate separation took place, she went with her, and that Lord Altham never saw her ladyship again.' Being asked who were the servants in the house at Dunmaine, she gave their names, specifying one in particular, Joan or Juggy Landy, a kitchen-maid, a woman of loose character, who was turned off, and shortly afterwards had a child, a boy, whom she saw when he was six weeks or two months old. Asked—'Did you ever hear or

know of anything of this same boy, that you say was Joan Landy's child, from the time you left Dunmaine?'—'No, I never troubled my head after him.' Asked—'Did you ever hear he was in Dublin?'—'I had heard that my lord had took him, but I knew nothing of him.' Asked—'Was there any child brought to take leave of my lady, when she went away?'—'O no! no child indeed.' Asked—'Was there ever a child either christened or living at Dunmaine when you was there?'—'No, never.' Then follow many other questions, all of which are answered with apparent honesty. In not one, however, does she support the idea of Lord and Lady Altham having had a child. She concludes by stating that she lives with her daughter in London, maintaining herself respectably on the interest of seven hundred pounds, and by occupying herself as a sempstress and clear-starcher. Her evidence remained unshaken by any cross-questioning.

Considering that much hinged on the possibility of James Annesley being the son of Juggy Landy, it surprises us to find that, though summoned, and at the time in Dublin, she was not examined as a witness. Towards the termination of the trial, she is often referred to; one witness stating that, by common rumour, the father of Juggy's son was my Lord Altham.

The evidence for the 'claimant' was lamentably defective, notwithstanding the host of witnesses brought forward in his behalf. It is shewn that no public notice had been taken at the time of the birth of a lawful son and heir to Lord Altham. The birth was not entered in any register. There was no record of the baptism of the child, nor of who were the sponsors. The birth was announced in no newspaper. There were no letters intimating the birth to friends and relations. There were no papers to shew that Lord and Lady Altham had been congratulated on the occasion. No persons of a good rank in society were produced to say they ever saw or heard of Lord and Lady Altham having a son. In a word, all the ordinary tokens of legitimacy were wanting. There was likewise nothing to shew that from the time Lady Altham separated from her husband she ever made any inquiry about her child; the inference to be drawn from such neglect being, that she never had a child at all. Unquestionably, Lord Altham for some years shewed a degree of fondness for a boy, whom he took with him to Dublin, there put him to school, and allowed him to use the family surname; but no satisfactory proof was advanced that this was his legitimate son and heir. Sometimes he spoke of him as being entitled to arrive at family distinction; but this seems to have been done with a view to annoy his brother, and heir-presumptive, with whom he was at feud. It is shewn that the boy was somewhat erratic and incorrigible, and occasionally received severe chastisement from Lord Altham, who, pursuing a dissolute course of life in Dublin, fell into straitened circumstances, and began to neglect and ill-use the unfortunate child. At length, under female influence, his lordship turned the poor boy, whom he had cherished and buoyed up with notions of dignity, out of doors, leaving him to wander about the streets, homeless, friendless. As Lady Altham was still living, she could hardly fail to hear of her husband's cruel behaviour to the child;

and if that child was her own, we may suppose she would have endeavoured to rescue it at this unhappy juncture. No notice was taken of it by her ladyship; nor did the child appeal to her for succour.

In his houseless state, the boy might have perished, but for some acts of kindness shewn to him by John Purcell, a butcher, who kept him for a time, but took no steps to bring his case under magisterial interference. Beyond this, we do not hear how James Annesley contrived to live for two or three years in Dublin. It is not improbable that during at least a part of the period he gained a scrambling subsistence as a 'shoe-black,' for by this epithet he is afterwards, as will be seen, contemptuously spoken of by Richard, Earl of Anglesey.

An important event in this strange drama now requires to be cleared up. It is the transportation of the youth to the plantations. The possibility of so disposing of the boy will not appear strange to those who are acquainted with the kidnapping system which prevailed in the early part of last century. It was a common practice to pick up children, and despatch them for sale as a commercial speculation to Pennsylvania. It seems, also, that lads offered themselves as apprentices to go abroad; that occasionally, from the pressure of poverty, parents would bring a boy to be enlisted for this desirable kind of employment; and that magistrates handed over all vagrant youths troublesome to the community who fell into their hands; by which various means, the exporters carried on a lively trade, which does not seem to have been held as particularly infamous; though, it is certain, they did not scruple to make up their cargoes by the felonious abduction of boys, and disposed of the whole as articles of merchandise. The case of Peter Williamson, who at nine years of age was stolen from Aberdeen in 1740, and sold as a slave in Pennsylvania, is so well known as not to need repetition. It, however, verifies the nature of the traffic.

There can be no doubt that James Annesley was transported to the plantations, and we have to explain how it took place in one of the forms above specified. What is stated in the legend as to his being smuggled out of the country on the pretext of being sent to St Omer's, is altogether imaginary. Neither do we perceive that there is any truth in the statement that Lord Altham's brother Richard was concerned in the transaction. It is distinctly shewn in the trial that James Annesley expatriated himself as a voluntary emigrant. Like many friendless beings in like circumstances, he indentured himself as an apprentice to go abroad. In plain language, he sold himself into that species of slavery in the plantations to which we have drawn attention. The indenture was formally executed before the Lord Mayor of Dublin. The person with whom the arrangement was made was Mr Stevenson, a merchant in Dublin, who carried on this kind of trade. Stevenson was part proprietor of a ship called the *James*, Thomas Hardy, master, which was to sail with a cargo of young men and women, who, in requital for immediate subsistence and a free passage, engaged to serve for a certain number of years with the planter to whom they might be respectively assigned on arrival in Pennsylvania. There was nothing clandestine in the affair. The indentures were executed in duplicate,

one being kept by the exporter, and the other being despatched with the master of the vessel. In the list of men and women composing the precious cargo on board the *James*, stands the name of James Annesley. As arranged, Annesley left the quay in a boat, and was put on board the *James*, which crossed the bar of Dublin on the 30th of April 1728. Andrew Comrie, who had acted as clerk to Stevenson, deponed that he accompanied James Annesley in the boat, and saw him go on board the ship with his free consent.* At the time of his departure, Lord Altham had been dead several months; but during that interval no one attempted to indicate that his lordship had left a legitimate son and heir. Lady Altham, who was still alive, was equally quiescent. Consequently, the brother of Lord Altham, as a matter of course, succeeded to the title and estates.

The general bearing of the evidence in this long and perplexing trial, as it appears to us, was against the claimant; but the jury thought otherwise. In their verdict, they found for the plaintiff, with sixpence damages, and sixpence costs; the meaning of this being that James Annesley had acted rightly, as lawful heir of Lord Altham, in granting a lease of the lands to Craig. The decision may be presumed to have elated the claimant, and to have caused no little consternation to the Earl of Anglesey. Strange to say, however, James Annesley took no steps to oust his lordship from the honours and estates of which he had taken possession. On the contrary, matters settled down as if nothing had happened. The evidence that had been given by Mrs Heath was, however, resented. In February 1744, she was prosecuted for perjury at the bar of the Court of King's Bench, Ireland. In the trial, which lasted a whole day, Mrs Heath repeated her averments as to Lord and Lady Altham never having had a child, and from this testimony nothing could shake her. The jury found her 'not guilty.' The decision, so contradictory to what the jury on the previous trial had arrived at, adds confusion to the whole affair.

There was still another trial, and one which could not have been looked for. It was the trial of Richard Earl of Anglesey, Francis Annesley, Esq., and John Jans, for an assault on the Honourable James Annesley, Daniel MacKercher, and Hugh Kennedy. It took place at Athy in the county of Kildare, before the second Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, August 3, 1744. The charge was such, as we presume, never occurred in an English court of justice. James Annesley and the two friends named went to amuse themselves at the races on a broad plain known as the Curragh of Kildare. While standing in a group on horseback, they were assailed by the Earl of Anglesey's coachman, who, driving a carriage with six horses, tried to ride them down, and hunted them wherever they moved, at the same time using the most opprobrious language, and calling out to James Annesley: 'There he is; there's the shoe-black.' MacKercher, not relishing this treatment, waited on Lord Anglesey to complain of the rudeness to himself and another gentleman, Mr James Annesley. 'Upon that, my lord observed: "A gentleman, sir! a blackguard shoe-boy! I won't turn off my coachman for any abuse either to him or you; and you are a rogue and villain; and he's

* Howell's *State Trials*, vol. xvii. p. 1414.

a bastard, the son of Juggy Landy, by my brother." And thereupon Francis Annesley, a relative of my lord, gave Mr MacKercher a stroke over the head with his whip.* There was much more to the same purpose, too painful to quote. The jury on this wretched trial found that Francis Annesley was guilty of the assault, but acquitted the Earl of Anglesey, whose language, however, was clearly most intemperate and unjustifiable.

Even after the public insult that had been offered to him, James Annesley remained passive. The very circumstance of having been denounced as a shoe-black or shoe-boy, and the son of Juggy Landy, was enough, one would think, to rouse him to maintain what he believed to be his rights by all the means competent to him in law. He did nothing of the sort. To the surprise of everybody, he quitted Ireland, and dropped tamely into the obscurity of private life. What could this mean? Was he conscious of the infirmity of his claim, and apprehensive of prosecuting it to a practical issue? Was he bought off from undertaking further proceedings? Did he feel incompetent to undertake the rôle of a nobleman and land proprietor, and was glad to retire on some assured competence? No one can satisfactorily answer these questions. Unless we make him out to have been an utter poltroon, the probability is that the conflicting evidence at the trial, and, more particularly, the acquittal of Mrs Heath on a charge of perjury, had shaken his confidence in the claim he had pertinaciously put forward, and that he was fain to give up the contest.

In shuffling away from the high attitude he had assumed—in deserting the battle he had ostentatiously provoked—James Annesley may be said to shrink from public notice with a certain degree of odium. All circumstances considered, the general belief will be, that he was *not* the legitimate son of Lord Altham. Such is our own opinion. We would not, however, rank him in the category of those vulgar impostors who wickedly try to impose themselves on the world for what they know they are not. The impression left on our mind is, that he was the victim of a delusion, and, from early and ill-conceived recollections, fancied himself to be the heir to an inheritance to which, as an illegitimate child, he had no valid claim. It seems, also, that, from the time of his arrival in England, and his trial at the Old Bailey, he was environed by a set of low and interested parasites, on whom he probably relied for substantiating his visionary claim—in short, that he was as much sinned against as sinning. Altogether, the tale of his sufferings and the downfall of his hopes is truly piteous. If any wrath is to be expended, it must fall on Arthur, Lord Altham, an inconsiderate and worthless personage, who was the author of all the troubles that ensued.

It would have been pleasant for us, in the ordinary fashion of novelists, to skip over difficulties, and end our story by installing James Annesley in the honours and possessions of his ancestors, amidst a blaze of rejoicings like that which welcomed Harry Bertram to the old mansion of Ellangowan. Regard for historic accuracy obliges us to conclude in a less hilarious strain. Abandoning the doubtful results of judicial conflict, and perhaps not a little disconcerted with his

experiences, Annesley took up his quarters at Blackheath. There, after passing a few years, though in what position we know not, he died on the 5th January 1760, leaving a son who died an infant, and a daughter who married, and whose children died young. His line was therefore extinct.

As far as we are aware, this is the first time that, apart from law treatises, the singular story of James Annesley has been drawn up from authentic documents. All the remarkable facts which we have been able to glean from the *State Trials*, are usually left out, possibly with a view to sustaining the sensational effect conveyed by the original and imperfect legend. The reflection occurs to us, that the teachings of truth may at times be quite as interesting as, and bear a higher moral value than, the most ingenious conceptions of romance.

W. C.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—FIXING THE PRICE.

ON hearing the answering cry from their comrades, the party pushed up the hill, and presently came upon a level lawn, surrounded with fine trees, each a leafy tent, since their branches descended to the ground, so as to form shelter from rain or sun; a brook babbled down its centre, and by its side were tethered sheep and goats. Nor did this pastoral scene lack more romantic elements, for, beside the sheep, instead of shepherds, lay, wooing the morning sun, the main body of the brigand band, some thirty men, scarcely any of whom had yet reached middle life, and bedizened in such finery as only children or savages could elsewhere have found a pleasure in wearing. The pistols stuck in their gay scarfs, and the muskets piled in the centre of the lawn, suggested a company of amateur actors rehearsing some exquisite *tableau vivant*, after Salvator Rosa, rather than what they really were—a band of bloodshedders and ruffians. They jumped up with a shout of welcome, as the new-comers made their appearance, and crowded around Walter with signs of great excitement, and a continuous chatter, of which he could make nothing, but which was probably concerning his market-value in ducats. Then some one cried out, 'Il Capitano,' and these inquisitive gentry melted away from him as if by magic, and Corrali himself stood before him with outstretched hand.

'Welcome, signor, to our country-house,' said he, smiling. 'I cannot say that I hope to see you long here; but while you are with us, you shall have no cause to complain of our hospitality.'

Walter's mind and eyes were wandering from tree to tree, in speculation as to which might form the bower of Lillan; but he made shift to make some civil response to this greeting—the courtesy of which he set down at its just value. It was evident that the brigand chief required something of him beside his ransom.

'Your friends in Palermo'—

'I have no friends there,' interrupted Walter quickly.

'Well, well; those, then, who miscall themselves your friends, have been very injudicious; but for their having sent out the troops, milord and his daughter might by this time have been on

* Howell's *State Trials*, vol. xviii. p. 202.

board their yacht again. As it is, there is no knowing when that may be—if ever.' And at these last two words, which were uttered very sternly, that ugly look came over the brigand's face, which seemed to reveal the character of the man behind it.

'Where is milord, as you persist so wrongfully in calling him?'

'You shall see him in a few moments. I have sent for you here, indeed, for that purpose. Look, sir; what you have told me of yourself and your slender purse may be true or not.' Walter was about to speak, but the other stopped him with a gesture. 'Let us suppose it true, then; it is my rule that cannot be the same as will not; and when the ransom is not forthcoming, I kill the captive. Your life is therefore forfeit. I might say much more than your life, but I do not wish to proceed to extremities with you even in the way of menace. You may save your skin, without the loss of a ducat, if you will only be guided by good sense.'

Walter bowed his head. 'What is it you require of me, Captain Corrali?'

'I want you to teach reason to this fellow-countryman of yours, whom I have in my power.'

'And his daughter, where is his daughter?'

'She is safe enough. No harm will happen to her, from us, at all events.'

'That means that she is dying,' answered Walter hoarsely. 'If the damp and cold should kill her, you are none the less her murderer than if you had slain her with your hands.'

'I will settle with my own conscience for that, signor,' returned the other contemptuously. 'What we are both concerned about at present—and you much more than I, believe me—is this ransom. The old man is a fool, and can be made to understand nothing. He does not comprehend that I shall burn him alive, skin him alive; he thinks he is in London, and has to deal with a mere pickpocket. I protest that he offered me one thousand ducats—not a week's living for the band. It made my fingers itch to shoot him down; only, that that would have been letting him off too cheaply.'

So furious was the brigand's passion, that the foam flew from his lips, his eyes glared like those of a wild beast, and his fingers roved from knife-handle to pistol-butt as though they had been the keys of a piano.

'What is it exactly you wish me to do?' inquired Walter.

'To convince him that I mean what I say, that what I threaten I will perform; and, worse, that if this money I demand is not forthcoming—all of it—that he shall die, and be days in dying; that he shall pray for death a thousand times, and in vain.'

'And what am I to gain, if I am successful in persuading him, Captain Corrali?'

'Life, liberty! His ransom shall cover yours, which is but a flea-bite. If you fail, beware, young man, for you shall share his fate. Now, follow me.' With these words, delivered in a most menacing tone, Corrali turned upon his heel, and led the way to a large beech-tree, the branches of which swept the ground, and moving them aside, revealed to Walter's eyes the recumbent form of Mr Christopher Brown, wrapped in a capote, and pillowed on one of the cushions stolen from the cabin of his yacht.

The old merchant had not been sleeping; anxiety and discomfort had banished slumber from him; but as he rose upon his elbow to regard his visitors, he rubbed his eyes, like some newly awakened man, who doubts whether he is not still in the land of dreams.

'Why, that's not Mr Litton, surely?'

His tone had no displeasure in it, such as Walter had apprehended; the danger and strangeness of his position forbade his entertaining the ideas which might naturally have occurred to him under ordinary circumstances; he did not recognise in Walter the man whom he had dismissed from his own house for deceit, whom he suspected of plotting to win his daughter, and whose presence in Sicily at the present moment he might well associate with the pursuit of the same forbidden object; he only beheld a friend and fellow-countryman, dropped out of the clouds, and, as he vaguely hoped, with power to succour him.

'Why, who would have thought of meeting you in this den of thieves!' continued Mr Brown. 'Do you bring any good news?'

'Indeed, sir, no,' answered Walter sorrowfully; 'I am only this man's prisoner, like yourself.'

'Yes, yes; all mice in my trap,' put in Corrali, understanding by Walter's manner what was meant, and gesticulating triumphantly with his fingers. 'Two were caught first, click, click! and then this one came to look after them, click!'

'What does the wretch say?' inquired Mr Brown.

'He is telling you how it happens that I am here. I had discovered you were captured, and on my road to give the alarm, I got taken prisoner myself.'

'I am sorry that we have done you such a wrong,' said the merchant with feeling.

'I shall not regret it, Mr Brown, if only I may be the means of being of advantage to you,' answered Walter. 'At present, our position is very serious. The troops have been called out, which has enraged the brigands, and—'

'But surely, then, we are certain of rescue?' interrupted the merchant eagerly. 'The soldiers must needs make short work of such scoundrels as these.'

'If they could only catch them; but that is not so easy. And if they did so, they would not find us alive. It is this man's invariable custom to kill his captives, if he cannot keep them.'

'That is what he has been trying to persuade me all along,' said Mr Brown; 'but I am not going to believe such nonsense. We are British subjects, and the thing is incredible, Mr Litton. I would have dared him to do his worst, had it not been for dear Lilian.' Here the old man's lip began to quiver, and a tear stole down his white cheek. 'She was weak and ailing, when they took her, and though I have reason to believe she is better lodged than I have been, and attended by persons of her own sex, I tremble for what may be the effects of such rude treatment. O Mr Litton, what an ass and idiot I was, to listen to Sir Reginald's advice, and leave old England for such a country as this! How long do you think it will be before we get out of it?'

'It is impossible, my dear sir, to guess at that. What I would implore you to persuade yourself is, that your position is a matter of life and death, in which no sacrifice can be considered too great a

one. I am instructed by this man to treat with you concerning your ransom.'

'Yes, yes,' cried Corrali, pricking up his ears at the familiar word; 'now, you are coming to it at last. It is well you should make milord come to reason.'

'What I would advise, Mr Brown,' said Walter, 'is, that you should be firm on one point, namely, to pay nothing whatever until your daughter is placed in safety with her sister.'

'How much does he say?' exclaimed Corrali impatiently. 'I should like to hear him come to the point. Will he pay me my six hundred thousand ducats?'

'You must be mad, Captain Corrali,' exclaimed Walter, in amazement. 'There is no man alive, unless you caught your king himself, who could pay such a sum as that.'

'You mean no Sicilian; but there are plenty Inglese. They are made of gold; I know it. Nothing is good enough for them, and nothing too dear. A man who has a pleasure-ship of his own too! My demands are too moderate: if anything is amiss with them, that is it. You tell him what I say. Six hundred thousand ducats, or he is a dead man.'

'This man says, Mr Brown, that you must pay him a hundred thousand pounds, or he will kill you.'

The old merchant started to his feet so quickly, that Corrali drew back a pace, and laid his hand upon his knife. 'A hundred thousand grandmothers! Did any one ever hear of such a sum except in the Bank cellars! If you were to sell me up to-morrow, I could not command the half of it. I will not give him a hundred thousand pence.'

'Ay, the bank,' put in Corrali cunningly, again recognising a scrap of what was said; 'now, that is like coming to business. He is talking of Gordon's bank at Palermo, is he not? That is, of course, where the money will come from.'

'Indeed, he is talking of nothing of the kind,' said Walter calmly. The excitement of the merchant, which had certainly testified to the extravagance of the demand as strongly as any words could have done, had not, as he fancied, been thrown away upon the brigand chief. 'He was saying that no private person, even in England, could command such a sum as you propose. He has not got it to give, nor yet the half of it.'

'Then, by Santa Rosalia, he shall die!' cried the brigand, 'and you along with him.'

'It may be so, Captain Corrali, for it lies within your power to kill us'—

'Ay, and to do more, look you—to roast you, to skin you!'

'Just so; you mentioned all that before. It is in your power to do anything to us that you are wicked enough to imagine; but it is not in this man's power to pay the sum you propose. We shall die sooner or later, at all events—then you will be left, as you say, with our skins—they will not be worth much, and, in the end, you will be taken, and hanged for it. If you consider such a course of conduct advantageous, you must pursue it. For my part, if I were in your place, I would be a little more reasonable.'

The brigand's face was black with rage; he looked more like a vulture than a human being, as he gazed on the unhappy merchant, as though longing to fall on him with beak and claw.

'You do not know me, Signor Inglese, or you

would not dare to speak to me thus,' said he to Walter. 'Are we lawyer and client, that you give me advice of this sort, and cross my will when I have expressed it?'

'I would not cross it, if I could help it, Captain Corrali; but your demands are those of a madman, of a man who wishes to have our blood, by demanding of us an impossibility.'

'It is possible that you may be speaking the truth,' answered Corrali after a long pause. 'If this man has really but three hundred thousand ducats, with that I must be content. But if he does not possess *them*, then let him prepare for death, since, for a less sum, he shall never escape alive out of my hands. And let him come to his conclusion, "Yea" or "Nay" within ten minutes, for my patience has reached its limit.' As he said these words, the brigand produced one of the various watches that adorned his person—a gold one, incrustated with jewels, the spoil, probably, of some native milord—and placed it on the ground before him, where it formed a spot of sunshine in that shady place.

Walter translated this ultimatum to the old merchant, and added an expression of his own belief that nothing less than the sum now named would suffice the brigand's greed.

'Fifty thousand pounds!' cried the old man in an agony. 'Why, that will be ruin, Mr Litton—beggary!'

Walter did not believe that this was literally true. It was quite possible that such a sum was as great as even the merchant's credit could have realised in ready money, so far from home; but it could surely not be his whole fortune; and in his heart he wondered how, for an instant, considering the position of Lilian, her father should have hesitated to give in to terms that, however hard, were yet practicable. He did not know how dear is wealth to those who have much of it, especially when it has been acquired by their own hands; how one's ducats and one's daughter, if not rated at the same value, bear yet some proportion to one another, in such a man's mind, as they had in that of the Jew of Venice. Moreover, he did not take into sufficient account the natural incapacity of the owner of Willowbank, Regent's Park, to believe in the menaces of their captor. Mr Christopher Brown had, probably, never read M. About's *King of the Mountains*, nor that matchless tale of M. Dumas, wherein he describes how the banker in the hands of brigands is charged a hundred thousand francs for an egg not particularly fresh, and at a similar rate for all other necessities of the table, till his bill for board equals the ransom he has declined to pay; and if he had read them, he would have taken them for romances, as void of foundation as a fairy tale. He was scarcely, in fact, more capable of realising his present circumstances, than he would have been of imagining them, if they had not occurred. And though he saw himself fallen among thieves, and wholly in their power, he found it hard to believe that they would venture on such extremities as Walter had foreshadowed. The London cry, 'Where are the police?' was a sentiment that he could not eradicate from his mind. In this matter, the brigand chief (who had, doubtless, had the opportunity of observing such workings of the mind in others of his captives) had gauged the merchant with considerable accuracy.

'No,' persisted Mr Brown; 'let the scoundrel do his worst; his sickle shall never reap all the harvest of my life of honest toil. I will die rather than submit to it!'

'Alas, sir, it is not a question of dying, if what we have heard of this man's cruelties is true,' urged Walter, 'but of far worse than death; and, moreover, it is not your life nor mine that is alone at stake. Consider what your daughter must be enduring, and how every moment of delay and haggling may be fraught with peril to her.'

'Consider!' echoed the merchant with irritation. 'Do you suppose, then, that she has escaped my consideration? I am only thinking whether she would thank me for saving her, since it must needs be done at such a sacrifice to her of wealth, position, comfort, and all that makes life worth having. Three hundred thousand ducats! It is monstrous, it is incredible! Two thousand pounds a year for ever, in return for two nights' involuntary lodging upon a mountain-side. I will never give it!'

The very force and passion of these protestations, however, suggested to Walter that the merchant was at least wavering in his stubborn resolve.

'The question is, Mr Brown,' observed he, with earnestness, 'Is it within your power to command so vast a sum, or not?'

'I have a good name on Change, sir!' answered the other, with an assumption of dignity that at any other time would have been amusing to note; 'and a good name there is good everywhere else.'

'Then, for Heaven's sake, use it!' exclaimed Walter passionately. 'Why, if you died, sir, under this man's tortures, and Lillian died'—for, in the stress and strain of their common misfortune, he spoke of her thus familiarly, and her father listened without reproof—'what would Lady Selwyn say? Would she thank you, because your obstinate resolve had enriched her by the sacrifice of a father and a sister?'

'True, true,' answered the old man, as if talking to himself: 'all would in that case go to Lotty, which would mean to *him*.'

By chance, Walter had hit upon an argument more convincing than any which logic or commonsense could have suggested. 'Well, well, Mr Litton, it is a hard case; but I will be guided by you.'

'The ten minutes are over,' observed the brigand, taking up his watch, and throwing away the end of the cigar with which he had been beguiling the time. 'Has milord come to his right mind?'

'Mr Brown will pay the money, Captain Corrali—that is, if so huge a sum can be raised in Palermo upon his credit—on one condition. His daughter must be set at liberty on the spot; indeed, the letter of authorisation must be delivered to the banker by her hand. It would otherwise be valueless, since he would conclude it to have been extorted by force.'

'That shall be done,' answered the brigand quietly; 'we have no wish to retain the signora. It is a pleasure to me, I assure you, to reflect that we are to remain good friends. The sooner she is away, doubtless the better for her. Here are pens, ink, and paper, for the authorisation; and once more the chief produced from an outside pocket these business materials, which were almost as much the implements of his trade as the knife and the musket.

'My friend must see his daughter before she goes,' observed Walter quickly. 'There was something in the brigand's manner that had aroused his suspicions. Was it not possible that that phrase, "The sooner she is away, doubtless the better for her," implied that she was dying?'

'That is impossible,' answered Corrali coolly, 'since milord does not speak Sicilian. No word is allowed to pass between a prisoner about to be released and one who is still retained captive, unless in our own language. The signora will take the authorisation—which will be read by a friend of ours who is acquainted with the English tongue—but we must take care that she has no secret instructions. I regret to forbid an interview so naturally agreeable, but the precaution is one which will recommend itself to milord's good sense.'

The Tartar, which had been so visible when Captain Corrali's skin had been scratched, was no longer visible; the wound was healed; he was once more, in manner, the Chesterfield of brigand chiefs.

'But for all we know, the signora may be'—Walter hesitated; he could not bring himself to speak of Death in connection with his Lillian—'unfit for travel, too ill to bear the journey; or, under that pretence, you may not let her free, after you have promised to do so.'

'The signor should remember, that without her personal presence at the banker's, as he has just observed, the ransom could not be obtained,' answered Corrali blandly. 'If the assurance of her being alive is all that is required, the signor can see her himself—since you both speak our language—but not milord.'

When this was communicated to Mr Brown, he did not make the opposition to this harsh announcement that Walter had expected; the fact was, that though he loved his daughter with all the strength of a strong nature, he was singularly free from sentiment as such; in this matter, as in professional affairs, he looked to the main facts, and provided that he could feel assured that Lillian was safe in her friends' hands, he could forego that parting caress which to some men would have been worth the ransom he was about to pay. Moreover, it must be added, that he conceived that all difficulties in the way of his own freedom would be at once removed, and that the next day, or the one after next at farthest, would see him once more on board the *Sylphide*, never to touch land again until they reached the British soil.

'Go and see her, Mr Litton,' said he. 'Give her my fondest love, and tell her how it is that I am debarred from bidding her good-bye. Bid her hasten matters with the bankers all she can. Since I must pay this money, the sooner it is done the better; and if you can do so, without being overheard, tell her that large as the sum is which has been extorted from me, she will not, nevertheless, have to beg her bread—do you understand?'

Walter understood very well, though he wondered greatly how Mr Brown could comfort himself with such reflections at such a time, much more recommend them to others.

Then the merchant drew out the authorisation—he had become quite himself again at the prospect of a business transaction—in brief and concise terms. It was unnecessary to dilate upon his necessitous position, since all the world of Palermo was by

this time acquainted with it; but he was careful, at the chief's suggestion, to add, beside the usual formula, that all the ransom must be paid in gold. His name was well known to the bankers, to whom he had been duly recommended; and there was his son-in-law, Sir Reginald, to vouch for him. The general sympathy of the commercial public and of his fellow-countrymen would doubtless also be of some advantage in such a crisis; and, upon the whole, he did not doubt that the money—which in London he could have produced in a few hours—would be forthcoming in a day or two at the farthest. He did not comprehend—nor, indeed, did Walter—that the raising of the money was only one of the difficulties that might interpose between them and freedom.

'There!' said Mr Brown, when he had signed the document, and the other two had witnessed it; 'I have chopped my arm off; I feel better.'

To sign away so huge a sum seemed, indeed, to him like the lopping away of a limb; but when once it was gone, he wiped it off the books of his mind like a bad debt, and commenced the business of life again, under new conditions.

'And now, gentlemen,' said Corrali, who had at once possessed himself of the document, 'the sooner we get on with this little business the better for all parties.—Santoro!'

At the sound of his name, Walter's body-guard at once made his appearance; he had decked himself out even more splendidly than before, having been lent some personal ornaments by his friends to go a-wooing with; just as a young lady will sometimes borrow a necklace or a bracelet for a ball from her mother's jewel-case.

'I see,' said the captain, addressing his follower, with great good-humour, 'that you have made up your mind to see Lavocca, and, as it happens, the opportunity now offers itself. The signor here is to be conducted to the cavern.'

'The cavern!' exclaimed Santoro, as though he could hardly believe his ears.

'Yes; did I not say so? Colletta and yourself will be answerable, as before, for his safety, and he will be intrusted to you two alone.—If you have any last words for milord,' added he, addressing Walter, 'you had better say them.'

'Mr Brown,' said Walter, 'I am going. Have you anything to add to what you have already said, as respects your daughter?'

'Nothing, but my love and blessing, Mr Litton. But, as respects yourself, I would wish to say, in case anything should happen to either of us ere we meet again, that I am deeply sensible of the good-will towards me and mine, which has caused you to share our misfortune. I confess that I behaved ill to you at Willowbank, and that my first impression of your character was the true one.' Walter's only answer was to hold out his hand, which the other took and pressed warmly. 'You will tell me the truth about my Lilian,' faltered the old man; 'you will conceal nothing from me. It's uncommon hard, because a man only speaks his mother-tongue, that he mayn't say good-bye to his daughter. But, after all, it will be only for a few days, will it? We shall be on board the yacht again before the week's out, eh?'

'Indeed, sir, I hope you will,' said Walter earnestly; but since it was Thursday even then, he doubted it.

'If Lilian gets to Palermo this afternoon, you

see,' argued Mr Brown, 'the money can be collected before night, and sent up here the first thing in the morning. I assure you it is not so pleasant sleeping under these beech-trees, that I should wish to try it a third time. At all events, I do trust the people at Gordon's will take care that we don't spend our Sunday in such society as this,' and he pointed to the members of the band, who, with characteristic interest in any excitement, had already gathered round to see Walter and his guards depart upon their expedition. The picture of the honest merchant, as he stood without his leafy tent bidding adieu to him in such sanguine words, and denouncing the unconscious spectators, was fated often to recur to Walter's mind, in days to come, with a sad sense of contrast.

DEEP-SEA EXPLORATIONS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

IN a former number of this Journal (No. 485, April 1873), in an article entitled 'Wonders of the Deep,' we drew attention to the vast strides that had then recently been made in our knowledge of the physical conditions of the ocean; and from a work then just published, *Depths of the Sea*, by Professor Wyville Thomson, we gave a sketch of the explorations of the ships *Lightning* and *Porcupine*. We now propose to take up the subject, and, in the course of a few articles, describe what has been done since, more particularly with reference to the voyage of the *Challenger*, which vessel had at that time lately left our shores; and in doing this, we shall add such other incidents connected with the voyage as we believe will interest our readers.

In our article 'Wonders of the Deep,' we casually mentioned the name of Professor Edward Forbes as having, by his perseverance and industry, made a great advance in marine discovery; he succeeded in dredging in two hundred fathoms; and in the prosecution of this, his favourite work, in the Mediterranean, this truly great naturalist was taken from us, all too soon, but not before he had established a reputation, as much for his amiability and kindness of heart, as for his deep research and knowledge as a naturalist. Forbes has had many successors, and worthy ones too. Harvey did much both in England and Australia, but his researches tended more to develop the forms and limits of vegetable, than of animal life; and it has been stated by him and others, that at the depth of fifty fathoms, vegetable life is extremely scant; whilst it entirely disappears before the depth of two hundred fathoms is reached. So that, as appears from the *Depths of the Sea*, it is a question how the animals in the deepest parts of the ocean effect their nutrition; and it is believed, that those inhabiting extreme depths have no special organs of nutrition, but absorb nourishment through the whole surface of their jelly-like bodies; and if this be so, the still more remarkable fact remains unexplained as to what kind of nourishment they imbibe, and how that nourishment is developed, for if some of the animals live on microscopic globigerina, the globigerina themselves must be fed.

The means at command of those who were the first to attempt individual measurements of great

depths, were rough in the extreme; and in sounding from a boat, the surface-drift had such effect on the boat itself, that although the line might appear perpendicular for the short distance it could be seen through the water, it could not be confidently asserted that it was so; and it was not until a resting-place for his electric telegraph cables was required, that man was compelled to ascertain the nature of the bottom, as well as the depths of the ocean. As in many other things, our American cousins were the first in the field; but it is now admitted that we have far surpassed them in all that relates to the knowledge of the physical and natural conditions of the great deep.

The necessities of the telegraph cable, then, were the first inducements to a systematic examination of the contour of the ocean-bed; but its object, it must be remembered, was more of a commercial nature than a scientific; and although the small portions of the bottom brought up by the sounding-rod were eagerly sought after by naturalists, it was but the commencement, or the introduction of the thin end of the wedge, from which time was to develop great results.

We owe to the late Captain M. F. Maury, of the United States navy, a debt of gratitude for the advantages that have been derived from his researches in connection with the physical conditions of the ocean, especially as regard its prevailing winds and currents; and we may safely say he has been the means of immensely increasing the commercial prosperity of his fellow-men. Our subject, however, treats more particularly of under-surface phenomena.

The cruise of the *Lightning* extended over a period of only six weeks, and that at the latter end of the season; the examination was therefore confined to the space between Scotland and Faroe, and four to five degrees to the westward; and although the weather at that late season of the year interfered with very successful work, the results gave great encouragement for further research. Dredging was effected at a greater depth than had ever been attempted, namely, six hundred and fifty fathoms, and a series of observations of the temperature at different depths obtained, that enabled Dr Carpenter to define the limits of the cold area or arctic water moving south, and the warm area where the stream of that arctic water is intercepted by islands. Within these areas, which differ twenty degrees in temperature, distinct races of animals were found to exist.

Next year, the *Porcupine* had a more extended voyage. The vessel left the Thames on her first cruise in the middle of May, and commenced operations between the parallels of Cape Clear and Slyne Head on the Irish coast, where she carried out a series of soundings six hundred miles from the shore, and dredged in the then unprecedented depth of one thousand five hundred fathoms, yielding curious results, and bringing animals to the surface with well-developed eyes.

In the next cruise, bolder attempts were made with the dredge, and a quantity of globigerina (the dead bodies of a species of animalcule) mud was brought from a depth of two thousand four hundred fathoms, or nearly three miles; the soundings were also carried farther out to the west and south of Ireland, and the action on the thermometers was well tested; and by comparing them with those used the year before, a scale of cor-

rection was obtained for them that enabled Dr Carpenter to utilise the numerous observations he had made.

The last cruise of the season was spent in a further examination of the Faroe Channel; and by means of a simple contrivance devised by Captain Calver, important additions were made to our knowledge of animal life at great depths: it was found that on the gravel bottom the dredge came up empty; but by teasing out some ordinary rope-yarns, forming them into tangles, and attaching them to the arms of the dredge, they came up teeming with animal life, and proved beyond a doubt that animal life was as prolific in the cold area, where the temperature was below the freezing-point, as in the warm area, where the temperature was considerably above it.

In 1870, the *Porcupine* could not be spared from her other duties until June; and on the 4th July she left Falmouth with Mr Gwyn Jeffreys, accompanied by a son of Dr Carpenter, who conducted a series of analytical observations to ascertain the amount of chlorine contained in seawater at different depths. On this cruise the *Porcupine* proceeded in a south-westerly direction, dredging in from four hundred to eight hundred fathoms; and by the help of the 'tangles,' a rich harvest was secured. In one of the casts of the dredge, seventy-one species of Mollusca were obtained, that were either entirely new to science, or never before described. Proceeding along the coast of Portugal, the vessel reached Gibraltar, where Dr Carpenter took the scientific charge, Mr Gwyn Jeffreys returning to England. The examination of the Gibraltar Strait was then commenced, and a cruise made into the Mediterranean; the results were of considerable importance in connection with those obtained in the Atlantic, and on which Dr Carpenter has founded a theory not intended to be discussed in these pages. The Mediterranean was found considerably less prolific in animal life than the Atlantic, but a fine collection of corals and shells was obtained.

The next year, Dr Carpenter further investigated the Gibraltar current, and, by means of a current-drag, observed the direction and force of the water at various depths.

Although the observations made in these four years were intermittent, and somewhat straggling, the endeavour being to collect as much information as possible in the limited time, they nevertheless proved of great value; so much so, that when collated and the results laid before Her Majesty's government, and the advantages of a systematic examination of the ocean pointed out, government at once yielded to the suggestions of what may be termed 'the scientific world,' and agreed to fit out a vessel of such size, and for such an extended voyage, as the important nature of the subject demanded.

The vessel selected for this extended voyage of exploration was the now well-known steam-ship *Challenger*, of 1460 tons, and 400 horse-power engines. From her having a main deck, she was well adapted for the purpose, as much space was required for the scientific staff, and the various stores necessary for such a voyage. The guns were removed, with the exception of two or three on the upper deck, which were retained, more for the purpose of signalling, than for warfare. Cabins were erected on both the main and lower decks,

to accommodate the savants who were to accompany the ship; cabins were also required for a chart-room, analysing and photographing rooms, a chemical laboratory, and a capacious bath-room.

The powder-magazine was converted into a spirit-room, with several hundred gallons of alcohol stowed therein, almost as dangerous a cargo as its more natural one—gunpowder. There were also stowed away thirty tons of iron sinkers, and thousands of fathoms of sounding and dredge line, made from the finest selected Italian hemp. Dredges were supplied of the most approved patterns, and every conceivable contrivance for catching everything, from whales to marine infusoria. Fortunately, no parsimonious economy stinted the supply of every article likely to be of service during the long voyage.

The command of the *Challenger* was intrusted to Captain George S. Nares (since appointed to the government arctic expedition, his successor being Captain Frank T. Thomson), an officer who had already distinguished himself in the arctic regions, and had more recently commanded a surveying vessel in the Mediterranean. The second in command, Commander J. P. Maclear, is the son of the talented astronomer of the Cape of Good Hope, Sir Thomas Maclear. Three lieutenants and a navigating lieutenant, surgeon and assistant-surgeon, paymaster, four sub-lieutenants, the usual staff of engineers and assistants, and one hundred and fifty seamen and marines, formed the complement.

The charge of the scientific staff was most judiciously given to Professor Wyville Thomson, F.R.S., who, as a man of science, is well known to be one of the highest order, and whose genial disposition well fitted him for the task, in a social point of view—a point of no mean consideration on an extended voyage such as that of the *Challenger*. Professor Thomson's staff consisted of Mr J. Y. Buchanan, M.A., of the Chemical Laboratory of Edinburgh University, as chemist; Mr H. N. Mosely, M.A., Dr Von Willmoes Suhm, and Mr John Murray, as naturalists; and Mr J. J. Wild, of Zurich, as secretary and artist. A corporal of the Royal Engineers, well skilled in photography, was also appointed.

For the purposes of dredging and sounding, donkey-engines were fitted on the upper deck, and large stages erected at the sides, for receiving the loaded dredges.

For the purposes of hydrography, a large supply of instruments was furnished, to meet all the requirements for surveying ports and harbours; but the greatest attention was naturally devoted to the most important object of the voyage, namely, deep-sea exploration; and as the ascertainment of the temperature at various depths was one of primary importance, the necessity of having a reliable self-registering thermometer was apparent. The Six's thermometer, that had previously been used in all deep-sea observations, was found by experiment to be so yielding under pressure as to make the observations taken with it unreliable; and it was also found that the error was due to the compression of the full bulb; even the strongest that could be made yielded, causing an error of ten or twelve degrees at a pressure equal to two thousand fathoms. To remedy this, Dr W. A. Miller, F.R.S., proposed covering the full bulb with an outer bulb: this was done, and it

effectually relieved the inner bulb from the pressure that caused the error.

Thirty-six of these protected thermometers, made by Mr Casalla, were supplied; and in addition, a 'differential thermometer,' devised by Mr Seimens, F.R.S., for ascertaining from the ship the temperature at various depths, was placed on board; but depending, as it did, on two insulated wires and the indication by a delicate galvanometer, it was found inapplicable for use on board ship when there was any motion; and as the protected thermometers were found to answer their purpose, the loss of the other was not so much felt.

Since the *Challenger* sailed, another form of self-registering thermometer has been devised by Mr Negretti, the optician, which has this advantage over the Six's thermometer, that whereas, if the latter passes through a warmer current of water than the surface-water to a colder, the index registers only that of the warmer current, and not the colder water, to which it has descended; the Negretti thermometer, on the contrary, registers that only at the greatest depth to which the instrument has reached. This is effected in cutting off the mercury at the bulb by a very ingenious contrivance, by the action of drawing the line up, when the instrument takes a complete turn, depositing the quantity of mercury thus cut off in the other arm of the syphon tube, on which is marked the scale for reading the temperature. This has been sent to the *Challenger*, but reports have not yet reached us of its action.

Scarcely of less importance is the apparatus used for ascertaining the depth of the sea. The term 'deep-soundings' has now an entirely different significance from that which it formerly had. No difficulty is now experienced in sounding in any depth, and bringing the sinker with a specimen of the bottom to the surface; this is effected by a lead of about a hundredweight, having a tube screwed to the bottom. At the bottom of the tube is a 'butterfly valve,' which opens inward like the wings of a butterfly; the water passes through the tube as the sinker descends; but on piercing into the oozy bed of the ocean, and being withdrawn, the wings fall horizontally, and retain the soil contained in the tube. But when the depth is beyond a thousand fathoms, or thereabouts, the difficulties increase in proportion to the depth, and it becomes necessary to have a greater weight of sinkers; and as the increased weight and friction of sinkers and line would prove too much for the line in hauling it up, a contrivance has been devised to detach the sinkers and leave them at the bottom, at the same time obtaining a portion of the soil, as a proof that the sinkers have reached the bottom; hence the necessity for the large supply of sinkers. These sinkers are discs of iron of half a hundredweight each, having a hole through the centre, and made to fit one over the other. The sounding-tube is about five feet in length, the lower end fitted with a butterfly valve, as already described; at the upper end is a sliding-rod, having two small shoulders, which project when the tube is suspended and the rod up; but, when resting on the ground, the shoulders sink within the tube. The tube is passed through the number of sinkers required, and this is regulated by the depth, current, &c. expected; generally three to four hundredweight is used. An iron ring, with stout wire attached to either side, is passed under the

weights, and a loop of the wire placed over the shoulders. Thus, with the tube suspended, the wire and ring support the weights; but the moment the tube comes in contact with the ground, and the suspending line is slackened, the shoulders are pulled down by the weights, and becoming buried in the tube, the wire loop is thrown off, and the tube is drawn through the sinkers, leaving them on the ground. It must be mentioned that the lower nine to twelve inches of the tube is left protruding beyond the weights; this portion is driven into the ground, and secures the specimen of the soil. This instrument is called the 'Baillie Sounding-machine,' after its inventor. There have been many detaching instruments invented, but the one described is the latest, and is considered the best.

The line used is one inch in circumference, and is capable of bearing a steady strain of about fourteen or fifteen hundredweight (it is marked at every fifty fathoms); but, to prevent the loss of leads and lines by the sudden jerks and strain caused by the motion of the vessel, a number of india-rubber accumulators are furnished, each being five feet long, and capable of extension two and a half times their normal length, with a strain of about fifty pounds. About twenty of these are so arranged that when, by the rising of the ship to the sea, the strain comes suddenly, the accumulators take up the strain, lengthening out according to the strain, and contracting as the ship falls. The accumulators are also useful as a dynamometer (strength measurer).

Another mode of sounding has been devised by Sir William Thomson, by means of a drum and piano-wire, with registering dials for the measurement of the depth. One of these instruments was placed on board the *Challenger*, but we are not aware of its having been used.

A PAWNBROKING INCIDENT.

As a pawnbroker in a populous suburb of London, I have had occasion to see painful, and sometimes not unpleasing phases of society. Just to give an idea of what occasionally comes under the notice of persons in my profession, I shall describe a little incident and its consequences. One evening I stepped to the door for a little fresh air, and to look about me for a moment. Whilst I was gazing up and down the road, I saw a tidily dressed young person step up to our side-door. She walked like a lady—and let me tell you that in nine cases out of ten it's the walk, and not the dress, which distinguishes the lady from the servant-girl—and first she looked about, and then she seemed to make up her mind in a flurried sort of way, and in a moment more was standing at our counter, holding out a glittering something in a little trembling hand covered with a worn kid glove.

My assistant, Isaacs, was stepping forward to take the seal, when I came in and interposed. The poor young thing was so nervous and shy, and altogether so unused to this work, that I felt for her as if she had been my own daughter almost. She couldn't have been above eighteen years old: too frail and gentle a creature.

'If you please, will you tell me,' she said timidly, in a very sweet low voice, trembling with nervousness, 'what is the value of this seal?'

'Well, miss,' I said, taking the seal into my

hand and looking at it—it was an old-fashioned seal, such as country gentlemen used to wear, with a coat-of-arms cut upon it—that depends upon whether you want to pledge it, or to sell it outright.'

'I am married, sir,' and she said the words proudly, and with dignity, though still so shy, and seeming ready to burst out crying; 'and my husband is very ill—and—and—— And then the tears wouldn't be kept back any longer, and she sobbed as if her poor little heart would break.

'There, there, my dear,' I said to her; 'don't cry; it will all come right in time; and I tried to comfort her as well as I could in my own rough-and-ready way. 'I will lend you, ma'am,' I said to her at last, 'a sovereign upon this seal; and if you wish to sell it, perhaps I may be able to sell it for you to advantage.' And so I gave her a pound; it was more than the thing was worth as a pledge; and she tripped away with a lighter heart, and many thanks to me, and I thought no more of the matter at the time.

The very next day, the day before Christmas, there came into our place of business a very eccentric gentleman, who had called upon us pretty often before, not for the sake of pawning anything, though he was generally dressed shabby enough too. But he was a collector, one of those men who are mad upon old china and curiosities of all sorts.

'Anything in my way, to-day, Mr Davis?' he said, in his quick, energetic manner, with a jolly smile upon his face, and putting down the cigarette he was smoking upon the edge of the counter.

The Rev. Mr Broadman is a collector of gems, and rings and seals, and in fact, of any stones that have heads or figures engraved upon them. And I had been in the habit of putting aside for him whatever in this way passed through our hands; for he gave us a better price than we should have got for them at the quarterly sales. 'The fact is, Davis,' he used to say to me, 'these things are invaluable: many of them are as beautiful, on a small scale, as the old Greek sculptures; and some of them even by the same artists. And they are made no longer, you see; for, in this busy nineteenth century of ours, time and brains are too precious to be spent on these laborious trifles.' Now, although I had no stones of the kind he wanted just then, it entered into my head that I would tell him about the seal which had come into my possession the evening before.

I told him the story somewhat as I have just told it to you. He listened attentively to all I said. When I had done, he looked at the seal, and said: 'I observe that it has the heraldic emblem of a baronet.' He then congratulated me upon the way in which I had acted. He asked, too, for this young lady's address, which she had given me quite correct; and then he left the shop without another word.

You must give me leave to tell the rest of the story in my own way, although it may be a very different way from that which the reverend personage employed in relating it to me afterwards.

It seemed that it was a runaway match. A country baronet's son had fallen in love with the clergyman's daughter, in the village where his father lived; and they had run away together, and got married. Then they came up to London, these two poor young things—for neither his father,

nor hers either, for the matter of that, would have anything to say to the match—he full of hopes of getting on in the literary and artistic line; and she, poor creature, full of trust in him.

The project of living by literature did not turn out what was expected. The young fellow, without experience or friends, spent much time going about from one publisher to another, and sending his writings to the editors of the various magazines—which I need not say were always ‘returned with thanks.’ And then he fell ill; typhus, I fancy, brought on by insufficient nourishment, and bad drainage, and disappointed hopes. The Registrar-general doesn’t give a return of these cases in any list that I am aware of. But we see something of them in our line of business, nevertheless.

It was just at this time that Mr Broadman found out Mrs Vincent; for that was the name of the young lady who came to my shop with the gold seal. Cambridge Terrace is not very far from the *Angel* at Islington, and there, in a little back-street of small, respectable houses, inhabited by junior clerks, with here and there a lodging-house, in one of which Mr and Mrs Vincent lived.

They were rather shy at first of a stranger, and a little proud and haughty, perhaps. People who have seen better days, and are down upon their luck, are apt to be so. But the parson, with his pleasant ways and cheery voice, soon made it all right; and, in a jiffy, he and Mr Vincent were talking about college, for they had both been to the same university. And there was soon even a smile too—a wan smile enough—upon the poor invalid’s sharp-cut, thin face, with the hollow, far-away eyes, which looked at you as if out of a cavern. He was the wreck of a fine young fellow, too; of one who had been used to his hunting and shooting, and all the fine country sports, which make broad-chested, strong-limbed country people, the envy of us poor, thin, pale townsfolk.

Mr Broadman came direct to me when he left them. I did not live far off; and he thought that I might lend them a neighbour’s help. ‘Davis,’ said he, ‘that poor fellow is dying; I can see death in his eyes.’

‘What is he a-dying of?’ I replied.

He looked at me steadfastly a moment, and I could see a moisture in his eye, as he said, slowly and solemnly: ‘Of starvation, Davis—of actual want of food.’

‘A gentleman starving, in London, in Islington, a baronet’s son too! Why, it’s incredible.’

‘Not at all,’ said Mr Broadman; ‘these are the very people who do die of starvation in London, and in all great cities. Not the poor, who know where the workhouse is, and who can get at the relieving officer, if the worst comes to the worst; but the well born, who have fallen into destitute poverty, and who carry their pride with them, and dive into a back alley, like some wild animal into a hole, to die alone. Mr Vincent wants wine and jellies and all sorts of good things; if help hasn’t come too late. No, no, my friend,’ he continued, putting back my hand, for I was ready to give my money in a proper cause. ‘No, no; I have left them all they want at present, Davis. But I’ll tell you what you can do: you can, if you like to play the good Samaritan, go and see them, and cheer them up a bit. Mrs Vincent hasn’t forgotten your kindness to her, I can assure you. And I think her husband would like to thank you too, and it would

rouse him up a bit, perhaps.’ And then Mr Broadman told me, shortly, something of what these two poor things had gone through—she, loving and trusting him so; and he, half mad that he had brought her to this pass, and could do nothing for her.

Mr Broadman wrote that very day to the baronet: a proud, hard man, I’m told. But the letter he wrote back was soft enough, and melting to read; it was so full of human nature, you see—the father’s heart swelling up at the thought of getting back his son; and bursting through the thick crust of pride which had prevented him from making the first advances. And the parson says to me: ‘Well, Mr Davis,’ he said, ‘there are many people kept asunder only for want of somebody to go between them, you see, and make peace.’

And I said, partly to myself: ‘Why shouldn’t Christianity itself be such a general peacemaker as that?’

‘Ay,’ replied Mr Broadman, ‘if people only believed in it properly.’

That very day we got the baronet’s letter, I was on my way, in the afternoon, to Cambridge Terrace, to pay my respects to Mrs Vincent—and I’d had sent in a few bottles of good old port wine from my own wine-merchant—at least as good as can be got for money or love. Well, when I got near the door, I saw an old gentleman walking up and down, a little disturbed, apparently, in his mind at finding himself in such a queer locality, and as if looking for something, or somebody. A short, rosy-faced person he was, clean shaved as a pin, and very neat and old-fashioned in his dress; and with that sort of air about him which marks an English country gentleman wherever he may be. Well, we soon got into talk, for I’d spotted the baronet in a moment, and he was anxious to find out something about his son, as soon as he heard that I knew a little of the young couple.

‘And you do not think, sir, that my—that Mr Vincent is *dangerously* ill?’ said the old baronet; and there was a sob in his voice as he spoke, and his hand trembled as he laid it upon mine.

‘Here is the house, sir,’ I said; ‘and you will be able to judge for yourself.’

We went in. At least the baronet went into the room, trembling in every limb with the excitement of seeing his son. But when he set eyes on him, the poor old man was so startled, that he could scarcely speak. His son saw him, and tried to rise, but fell back feebly into his chair. ‘Dear father,’ he murmured weakly, stretching out a thin trembling hand, ‘forgive’—

But the father was on his knees, by the chair, in a moment, clasping his son’s head in his arms, and fondling him as he had done when the man was a baby.

‘What have I to forgive? You must forgive me for being so hard, my dear boy, and get better soon, Wilfred, my son, my son!’

I too had come into the room; I could not help it, I was so interested and excited. But I saw that in the young man’s face which made my heart sink in my bosom like lead.

The young wife saw it too, and gave one, two, three sharp screams, as if a knife had been thrust into her side.

Mr Broadman saw it; and quietly kneeling down, commended to God—as well as he could,

for sobbing—the soul of His servant departing this life.

And I—well, why should I be ashamed to confess it?—I knelt down too, and cried like a child; for the young man had died in his father's arms, at the very moment of reconciliation.

CLUB BOOKS.

EARLY in the present century, a taste, almost amounting to a mania, grew up for securing copies of rare books. Of the originals, there were so very few, and those mostly confined to public libraries, that the only available resource was reprinting. But to attempt reprinting on a large scale was hopeless, for 'it would not pay.' The only means for reproducing the works in question consisted in an association of individuals, each of whom, by an annual payment, would have a copy of every work printed. By such arrangements a very large accession has been made to history, biography, archaeology, and various other branches of human knowledge. It will be understood that the books so produced did not pass through the ordinary process of publication; nor were the volumes of a popular cast. For the most part, the number of copies was strictly limited, each volume, in a stately quarto size, costing perhaps a guinea. Only wealthy persons with an acute fancy for rare productions, could indulge in the whim of being members of these club-book societies.

It will be further understood, that there was much nicety in selecting the works to be reproduced. The members of the society did not want accuracy, according to modern grammar and spelling. They liked to get an exact reflex of a first, and it might be imperfect edition, containing possibly passages that were afterwards expunged; extreme rarity being what was mainly prized. It was also a great matter to see that the original cut of letter was preserved; and for this purpose, types had to be made specially to represent old characters not to be found in any modern printing-office. The thing, it will be perceived, was very much of a craze; but it was a craze of an innocent and creditable kind; and we should be thankful that there were men who went into it with zest and aptitude. They gave their money. The books they reproduced now exist, though in limited numbers, and the world of letters is so much the richer.

A kind of beginning to the club-book mania was given by the sale by auction of the library of John, third Duke of Roxburghe, in 1814. His Grace had been the most energetic and eminent book-collector in the United Kingdom. His library was large and valuable, and the sale lasted over forty-two days. Wealthy collectors assembled in force, and gave high prices for such works as claimed to be rarities. There were 10,120 lots in all, comprising about 30,000 volumes; and the money paid for them by the bidders at the auction amounted in the aggregate to L.23,398. The Duke of Devonshire gave L.1050 for the *History of Troy*, the first book printed by William Caxton in England, in 1471; the bidders were eager to obtain it simply because it was one of a very few copies of that edition known to be still in existence. There were

eleven other Caxtons in the catalogue; and the whole twelve brought L.246 each on an average. But the great struggle was for Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, a copy of the first edition printed at Venice, by Valdarifar. The book was not very choice in any particular except that it was the first edition, and that hardly any other perfect copy of it was known. The Duke of Roxburghe had given L.100 for it some years before. At the sale in 1812, the Marquis of Blandford and Earl Spencer alike set their hearts upon possessing it; emulation grew warm; neither one chose to give way to the other; and the earl did not cease to bid till he had gone up to L.2250; the marquis bid another L.10, and carried off the prize for the stupendous sum of L.2260—the highest price, it is believed, ever paid for a single volume.

The principal buyers at the sale did not wish that this famous day, the *Decamerone* day, should pass into oblivion. The Rev. T. F. Dibdin, a celebrated bibliophile of that age, proposed a dinner. Twenty-four dined together at a tavern in London, including the titled representatives of the Howard, Churchill, Cavendish, Spencer, and Gower families, together with Sir Egerton Brydges, the Rev. Holwell Carr, Mr Heber, and other owners of famous libraries. It was agreed that they and a few others should form a club or society, to be called the Roxburghe Club, in commemoration of the Roxburghe sale, and that they should dine together annually on the 17th of June, the anniversary of the day on which the *Decamerone* was sold. Many years afterwards, Mr Haslewood, one of the members, wrote an account of those dinners, under the title of the *Roxburghe Revels*—most extravagant revels they certainly were.

If luxurious indulgence had been all, we should not have noticed the Roxburghe Club here. But it was agreed among the members that each should, in turn, print some rare work at his own expense, and give one copy to every member—a copy on vellum to the president. The plan was afterwards altered. The members were to be 40 as a maximum; an annual subscription was paid; the aggregate amount was spent in printing rare and curious old works; 100 copies were printed of each work, two for each member, and 20 to be sold to the public at such prices as the committee might determine. Old histories, chronicles, diaries, household books, topographical sketches, ballads, ecclesiastical and monastic treatises, &c., were published from time to time under these regulations—some from old printed, but almost inaccessible copies, some from old manuscripts. Many of the works were greatly valued; and, owing to the small number of copies printed, a complete set of the Roxburghe Club publications would now command a high price.

From this Roxburghe Club sprung many others, some of which collapsed after a few years; but the majority still remain, distinguished by having brought to light many curious literary treasures which had long been buried in obscurity. The printing-clubs, thus established, are not learned societies or literary institutions in the ordinary sense; they neither give lectures nor read papers, nor do they carry on discussions in a formal manner. They were, as has been stated, simply clubs for printing certain scarce books, each member taking a copy. The members are in some clubs as few as forty or fifty; in one, as

many as seven thousand. In most clubs, the books are regarded as privately printed; in others, an approach is made to the plan of publishing by subscription, extra copies being printed for sale to the public after the members have been supplied. In one club, a certain definite number of books are printed annually; in another, the number varies with the bulk and value of the individual works; while in a third, each member prints some books at his own expense, and presents a copy to every member; and these represent three types of the printing-clubs or societies. The members chosen to form the council are generally such as are known to be well versed in the class of subjects to which the publications of the club mostly relate; and the whole of the members reap the advantages of the gratuitous services of such persons. The result is, the publication of works not hitherto available to the average of literary and scientific men—being either in private collections, or in great libraries not accessible without difficulty. The printing of even a few hundred copies will afford the means of knowing where a particular class of works is obtainable. Dr Abraham Hume points out how useful would be a collated tabulation of all the publications of all the clubs. 'Some one of sufficient leisure and capability may yet, like the setting of a piece of mosaic-work, deduce harmony and beauty from the scattered profusion; and may confirm the fact, so often demonstrated in pure science, that every proposition, however strange, is valuable, if only it can be properly applied. Nor would the task be a contemptible one to reduce to order, in like manner, the knowledge that lies scattered through many formidable volumes of Transactions; to notice what ideas have given way to new lights, the stages and the progress of modern inquiry, the prospects of literature and science in our own times, the obstacles that impede their growth, and the means available for the removal of those obstacles.'

Such being the general characteristics of the associations to which this article relates, we will proceed to illustrate the subject by a few particulars concerning the chief examples—most of which are still flourishing, the rest having on various grounds brought their operations to a close.

One of the first to follow the example of the Roxburghe was the *Bannatyne Club*, founded mainly by Sir Walter Scott in 1823. Its announced object was to print and circulate among its members works illustrative of the history, antiquities, and literature of Scotland. There were about thirty members at first, afterwards increased to a hundred. The club was named after George Bannatyne, a literary Scot of the sixteenth century. The members, who subscribed five guineas a year each (the same amount as those of the Roxburghe Club), received, in the course of years, considerably more than a hundred distinct publications, many of them curious and valuable in a high degree, relating to all kinds of matters connected with old Scotland. The club closed its operations a few years ago; but its publications, though necessarily in few hands, will have permanent value. Complete sets of the works bring a high price at auctions.

The *Maitland Club*, another which we owe to Scotland, came a few years after the Bannatyne, and was, like it, devoted chiefly to the printing of works relating to Scotland, sometimes fine old

manuscripts; in other instances, fine old printed books little known and difficult of access. It was named after Sir Richard Maitland, a bibliophilist of the sixteenth century, and had its centre at Glasgow, as the Bannatyne had at Edinburgh. The members, a hundred in number, paid an annual subscription of three guineas. They received copies of all the works, some printed at the expense of the club, others at the expense of wealthy and liberal members. Some of the most interesting of the publications are several volumes of the *Miscellany of the Maitland Club*, a budget of curious odds and ends too small individually to be brought out separately.

The *Oriental Translation Fund*, established about the same time, was virtually a printing-club, founded chiefly by members of the Royal Asiatic Society, for the translation of oriental manuscripts into the languages of Europe, and printing a small number of copies of each. The subscription varied in amount according as large paper or small paper copies were chosen. Those who have the best means of judging, say that the valuable oriental works which this society has printed and published in the course of forty or fifty years, would have had little chance of being brought out in the ordinary course of publishing enterprise.

The *Iona Club*, a short-lived society, was founded for the investigation and illustration of the history, antiquities, and early history of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland; and printed for its members a few works on those subjects. Somewhat similar to this, in the limited range undertaken, was the *Manx Society*, relating to the Isle of Man. More taking was the *Abbotsford Club*, founded for the purpose of printing miscellaneous pieces having the same general character as those of the Bannatyne and the Maitland; it was rather a select body in regard to numbers, and the publications form a handsome quarto series, relating to ancient mysteries and legends, romances and ballads, old Scottish family documents, old monastic manuscripts, presbytery and synod records, &c.

The *Surtees Society*, established about the same time as the Abbotsford Club, was an early example of an excellent class. Its self-appointed work was to print and publish inedited manuscripts illustrating the religious, social, intellectual, and moral condition, in past times, of the ancient kingdom of Northumbria, forming the present northern counties of England and southern counties of Scotland. It was named after Robert Surtees, author of the *County History of Durham*. All the members are (or were) invited by circular letter to vote for or against the printing of any suggested work; if the vote be favourable, enough copies are printed for all the members, and one hundred for sale to the public. The series form a collection much prized by literary antiquarians. Closely following the Surtees in date was the *Camden Society*, one of the most celebrated of all; founded to render accessible any valuable but little known materials for the *Civil and Ecclesiastical History of the United Kingdom*, by printing them economically. The society was named after Camden, author of the *Britannia*. The subscription being only a guinea, and the range of subjects important, this society has always had a large number of members, reaching as high as twelve hundred. The numerous works printed, considerably over a hundred, have been edited by such

competent men as Thoms, Payne Collier, Wright, Hunter, Halliwell, Henry Ellis, Dyce, Way, Nichols, &c. Some of the publications are printed in sufficient number only for members; others, a surplus number for sale to the public. The *Spalding Club*, following close on the heels of the Camden, resembled in its declared purpose two or three already noticed—namely, the printing of old works and tracts relating to Scotland, chiefly in the Aberdeen district; it was named after Spalding, a noted Aberdeen bibliophilist in the seventeenth century, and rendered good service within the range embraced. The *Parker Society*, the *Percy Society*, and the *Shakespeare Society*, all founded in 1840, undertook the publication of curious old works relating to three different classes of subjects; the first (named after Archbishop Parker), the best, but scarce works of old English divines; the second (named after Bishop Percy), old English ballad poetry; and the third, books and tracts illustrative of Shakespeare and the literature of his times. Dublin may claim the merit of not being behind as regards a valuable class of club books issued in connection with the Irish Archaeological Society; the works, produced with much taste, referring to the antiquities and early history of Ireland.

If we were, in a similar way, to go through the list of printing-clubs established in the thirty-five years which have elapsed since 1840, this article would extend beyond convenient limits. It will suffice to name the principal among them, as illustrative of the varied services rendered. The *Oriental Text Society*, to defray the whole or part of the cost of printing standard works in oriental languages. The *Chetham Society* (named after good Humphry Chetham of Manchester), to print old works and manuscripts relating to the topography, biography, and archaeology of Lancashire and Cheshire. The *Sydenham Society* (named after a learned physician of the seventeenth century), to print rare works, foreign as well as English, relating to medical subjects; many of the works, which no publisher would venture upon, are highly prized in the profession. The *Ray Society*, and the *Cavendish Society*, the one attending to rare treatises and tracts in natural history; the other, in chemistry. The *Wernerian Club*, scientific publications generally. The *Hakluyt Society*, old writings connected with the early navigators and maritime discoverers. The *Arundel Society*, engravings and other productions relating to fine and ornamental art. The *Caxton Society*, to print miscellaneous manuscripts of the middle ages. The *Celtic Society*, and the *Ossianic Society*, documents relating to Ireland in the old days. The *Chaucer Society*, printing old manuscripts of Chaucer's time. The *Harleian Society*, publications from unedited manuscripts relating to heraldry and family history. The *Welsh Manuscript Society*, bardic and historical remains of Wales, with English translations. *Musical Antiquarian Society*, scarce works by early English composers. After all that had been done in Scotland by the Bannatyne, the Maitland, and other clubs, something was felt to be wanting. It was a club to gather and print the charters and records of the royal burghs. Hence, the *Scottish Burgh Records Society*, established a few years ago at Edinburgh, and which has already issued several volumes, throwing much light on the old burgh laws, usages, and history.

It will thus be seen that these and similar printing-clubs fill up a place in the literary history of modern times alike creditable to the promoters, and advantageous to the members.

THE LONELY HEART.

[The following pathetic lyric was written by the Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of the lines on *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, and, though published in his works, is not generally known. For singing, it is adapted to the Irish air *Grammachee*. Wolfe said he on one occasion sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the lyric.]

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had passed
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

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